

Moran Defeats Coffey in Third Round in Fast Battle—Columbia Does Well in First Real Practice Game

MORAN, WITH MIGHTY RIGHT, KNOCKS OUT COFFEY BEFORE IMMENSE CROWD IN GARDEN

Vicious Swing to Point of Jaw Puts Dublin Giant on Floor in Third Round; He Struggles Up at Count of Five, Helpless, and Referee Stops Bout.

GREAT CROWD DAZED BY SURPRISING FINISH

Frank Moran, Pittsburgh's heavyweight championship candidate, knocked out Jim Coffey, the Dublin giant, in Madison Square Garden last night. The action of the Roscommon county brot was snuffed out suddenly in the middle of the third round of what was to have been a ten round boxing exhibition.

Dramatic indeed was the fight every second that it lasted and most dramatic of all the close. The greatest crowd that ever witnessed a glove contest indoors, at least since the old Horton law days, jammed every inch of space within the historic Garden. It was a partisan crowd—one that was with Jim Coffey heart and soul every moment till the end; partisan, yet fair. The end came so suddenly the crowd failed to grasp the situation on the instant. Coffey, though badly damaged, managed gamely to conceal the waning of his strength even from the ringside patrons up to the last second. He went down at last from a vicious right swing from the point of the jaw. He was out before he hit the floor, half paralyzed as he fell. He fell as heavily on the right side of his face that his eye had almost closed when brute force triumphed over dulled intellect and dragged him, swooning, to his feet. For the Dublin giant went out game.

This was no knockout of the generally approved kind, where the fallen gladiator lay helpless as the referee counted off the fatal count of ten. Nor was it a technical knockout, either. Coffey was every bit as helpless as if he had been prostrate. His wits were as far away as if he had been unable to move a muscle. Referee William Brown did quite right to declare Coffey knocked out on his feet. The Dublin giant was absolutely helpless. He had fallen from the floor at the count of three. He rolled to one knee on the count of four. At five he stood groggily erect. But his eye was glazed; his lips purpled blue. He stared into vacancy, stumbling helplessly against the ropes, with his back half turned toward Moran.

The Pittsburgh fighter, every belated possession of his wits, stood poised for one last crushing blow against that helpless jaw. Another blow such as that which had put Coffey down might have spelled fatality. None knew it better than Referee Brown. He crowded in between Coffey and the snarling Moran as Frank ducked this way and that to get at his helpless victim.

Crowd With the Referee. No murmur of dissatisfaction greeted Brown's decision. Until Willie Lewis, chief adviser of Moran, hurried through the ropes and embraced the victor, the greater part of the action in the ring was lost to the spectators. The fans could not see even from a short distance back that their beloved Jim was as helpless, for even when he was down, he lay as if he were dead.

When, however, they did grasp the full significance of the situation, when they realized that the foot of the Dublin giant was only a few inches from the ground, they were only giddy with the excitement of the moment. The crowd was only giddy with the excitement of the moment. The crowd was only giddy with the excitement of the moment.

What a fight it was! One worthy of Mars himself! The stage setting was complete to the minutest detail. When the fight began, the crowd was in the preliminary to wait the appetite for action to its keenest edge. And the main event was put on so quickly after the preliminary that the fans had no time to cool.

A busy hum of gossip—the expectant chatter of the house moments of waiting—was broken by the sudden action of the fight. Coffey emerged from his dressing room. A wild cheer greeted his appearance and did not hush till he had been introduced by Announcer Joseph Hunt. In comparison with the reception to Moran seemed tame indeed. The army of handlers behind the principals went quickly to their work. The hand bandages of the principals were removed and approved, the gloves quickly examined, bathed and oiled and these two specimens of physical manhood stood forth for the adulation of 14,000 fans of eyes.

Neither Shows Nervousness.

If there was nervousness in either contestant he failed to show it. Moran, who sat seated back at the unexpected crowd as he needed to some friends from home in a box behind his corner. Coffey was busy listening to the whispered instructions of his corner handler, a man who took this means perhaps of keeping the more inexperienced spectators' mind free of worry. A patch of court plaster showed under Moran's left eye which was puffed and swollen slightly from some training blow.

There never was and never will be another heavyweight battle into which such an action is crowded into the first three minutes. There couldn't possibly have been more action. Bantamweights have fought faster. How showed the crowd with such lightning rapidity of action to decide the fight. It was as if it were a glorified. The crowd rose to its feet and cheered and cheered and cheered. The crowd rose to its feet and cheered and cheered and cheered. The crowd rose to its feet and cheered and cheered and cheered.

One of the most dramatic moments of the fight was when Moran, who had been knocked down, struggled to his feet. He was up at the count of five, but he was so dazed that he was unable to defend himself. Moran was only a few seconds behind him. He was advised by Willie Lewis, Colin Bell and Tom Washington. When Coffey was introduced to the crowd, which already had tendered him a wonderful ovation, fairly raised the roof with cheers that were maintained for minutes.

Only one fleeting moment did the pug of defeat flick. An Irish idol had been shattered. Yet in his fall the Old Sod was not disgraced. He was considered by a man of Irish strain—American born, but of Irish blood. Therein lay the great consolation for the admirers of Coffey, who have every right to feel that his defeat was a national disgrace. It was a national disgrace. It was a national disgrace. It was a national disgrace.

De Oro Gets Title When Huey Forfeits

ONCE again Alfredo De Oro, the perennial, is champion of the world at three cushion billiards. This was learned definitely by THE SUN last night from the officials who preside over the game. William Huey of Chicago, who held the title and was challenged by De Oro, was scheduled to defend his crown in a match next month. Huey has sent word to the powers that be, saying his business in Chicago will demand all his attention this fall and winter, that it will be impossible for him to play the match and that he therefore forfeits the championship to De Oro. The officials could find no other case on record where the three cushion emblem has changed hands in this manner, though such things have occurred in connection with other billiard titles.

The weights announced were: Coffey, 201 pounds; Moran, 200. Scenes of the wildest confusion greeted the early arrivals at the Garden. The crowd which had gathered to witness the opening scene of the cheaper gallery seats as early as 2 P. M., swelled to a countless multitude ere sunset. Before 7 o'clock the vast assembly had gathered in the street surrounding the amphitheatre had become so great that a call was sent in for an extra platoon of police reserves. By 7 o'clock the police were on duty and the fight was under way.

With a volley of lefts and rights aimed at the head, but Moran covered with his sneaky arms, rocked with the blow and peeked through his defenses unscathed. They fell into a clinch then. As they broke Moran missed a wicked right. Coffey's left was working like a time right. Coffey was working for the body with his right now, but when he landed, Frank was usually going high, trying to batter down Moran's head. He landed, but his furious punch seemed to tell more heavily upon him than upon the well covered Pittsburgher.

The minutes ticked off the two up and down rounds. On the advice of Willie Lewis Moran sprang from his chair and met Coffey more than half way. Coffey's left was working like a time right. Coffey was working for the body with his right now, but when he landed, Frank was usually going high, trying to batter down Moran's head. He landed, but his furious punch seemed to tell more heavily upon him than upon the well covered Pittsburgher.

Coffey Needs His Gameness

Before they could face facing Coffey could see big Jim shrink up with his hands. He had time to recover Moran's wicked right had found the vulnerable chin. Coffey sagged on his knees. But he held on, fighting for breath. Moran broke loose from his groggy adversary and sallied in to end it with a punch. Coffey, somehow, unstruck as he was, was able to duck and cover. Wicked lefts and rights whizzed past his drumming ears. His gameness tided him up to the bell.

It was a question then of time. Coffey never could have survived another thirty seconds of that second round. The minutes' rest was not sufficient to revive him fully. He had started out like a bantamweight, lively and sprightly on his toes, dancing away from danger or blithely to the attack. When he took the scratch for the third and fatal round, he was a different man. He was a different man. He was a different man.

Coffey was a different man. He was a different man. He was a different man. He was a different man. He was a different man. He was a different man. He was a different man. He was a different man. He was a different man. He was a different man.

He never faltered, never gave ground. But he couldn't keep Moran's left out of his face. No longer could he block Frank's snappy right. Coffey was a beaten man. Every one near the ring knew it. Coffey was a beaten man. Every one near the ring knew it. Coffey was a beaten man.

Left Hook Precedes Knockout

A left hook to the head jarred Coffey so that he half stumbled, dropping his head. Quick as a flash Moran left the waiting right. It caught big Jim flush upon the chin point. Coffey's arms dropped. He was not up at the count of five. He was not up at the count of five. He was not up at the count of five.

William Gibson, manager of Coffey, and James Johnston, manager of Madison Square Garden, were in the ring a second after Brown had stopped the fight, loudly protesting against this action. Coffey, whose numbed instinct led him toward his own corner, was standing there helplessly and sheepishly, oblivious to his surroundings. For one brief moment, but only one, that great gathering was a disappointed one. For Coffey had been victorious.

One Idol Gone, Another Rises

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Coffey, the Dublin giant and topheavy favorite of the gallery gods, was the first to put in an appearance. He entered the ring shortly after 7 o'clock accompanied by his chief handler, Joe Jeannette, the negro, and George Engel. Moran was only a few seconds behind him. He was advised by Willie Lewis, Colin Bell and Tom Washington. When Coffey was introduced to the crowd, which already had tendered him a wonderful ovation, fairly raised the roof with cheers that were maintained for minutes.

N. Y. U. EXTENDED BY COLUMBIA'S ELEVEN

First Outside Opponent in Ten Years Finds Blue and White Team Far From Weak.

ONLY TWO TOUCHDOWNS

Columbia met its first football opponent in ten years on South Field yesterday when the New York University eleven came down to play a practice game, and for a football team in the primitive stage the Blue and White played in a manner that immensely pleased the staff of coaches and 2,000 followers in the stands. The Violet team made two touchdowns, one by Howard Cann and another by Williams, the negro tackle, who ran eighty yards after intercepting a forward pass.

Coach Reilly of New York University praised the Columbia aggression that the practice period. He said the backfield was most promising, while spots in the line were up to the standard of most teams. "Williams," he said, "managed to break through for big gains on a tackle around play, but the New York University backfield found strong opposition. We tried forward passes and they really made the touchdown of Cann's possible. Yes, Columbia on appearances ought to win its opening game from St. Lawrence Saturday."

Stover, who supplanted Howard Miller at quarterback, dislocated his shoulder near the end of the session and in the opinion of Dr. Elliott he will not be able to play in the opening game. Coach Frank Simonds did not get into the fray. He has a badly infected right foot, which will have to improve with despatch if he is to lead his team to victory Saturday.

New York University decided to kick off to Columbia a short return, and after a few short rushes, Manbach kicked to Manley, forty yards away. Heavily downed the Violet game, but every one would move. Williams ripped through for thirty yards and Erwig made ten more on a pass from Cann. Fortunately for Columbia, Reilly intercepted the ball in the course of a play. Cann made a splendid forward pass to Buermeyer for twenty yards. Another one intended for Calder fell into the hands of Manley on N. Y. U.'s 20-yard line.

New York University started a series of forward passes with unusual success, and so Cann scored. The Violet team, by the time the doors were opened, the waiting throng was so dense that automobiles could creep through only at a snail's pace. With difficulty one narrow lane was cleared for the blue coats, but the spirits of the far side would break through in spite of every warning to hazard life and limb against the possibility of crowding to same more advantageous place.

At times the arm of the law, as represented by some burly son of Erin, might lay hold of such an offender. But he held on, fighting for breath. Moran broke loose from his groggy adversary and sallied in to end it with a punch. Coffey, somehow, unstruck as he was, was able to duck and cover. Wicked lefts and rights whizzed past his drumming ears. His gameness tided him up to the bell.

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SLOSSON CUTS DE ORO'S LEAD

Scores 53 to For's 50 and Now Is Behind Only by 100 to 90.

George Slosson overcame Alfredo De Oro's seven point lead, gained the night before, in the early part of last night's play in their three cushion billiard game at Doyle's. He outplayed the champion until he was 19 points ahead in the second block and 12 to the good on grand total. De Oro then got his right working right, held his foe almost helpless the rest of the way and wound up behind only three points on the night's play, with the score 53 to 50. By his good finish he managed to stay ahead on the total by 100 to 90.

Slosson was ahead on the night at 22 to 13 when he executed a hard long angle shot from an apparently impossible position and kept on for a run of 19. Brilliant execution marked the sequence. Thereafter his opponent played the bet-ter billiards, managing to play for a point each time, but Slosson was too good for him. De Oro made no high runs. A 5 in the eleventh inning was his best. He just plunged along with persistent steadiness and accuracy to maintain a brief lead of four with which to begin to-night's block.

FEDERAL POLICY UNCHANGED.

Death of Robert B. Ward Places George S. at Head of Club.

The Federal League deeply regrets the loss of Robert B. Ward, vice-president of the organization and one of its strongest supporters. It was announced authoritatively yesterday, though, that the life and interests of the independent venture would not be affected seriously thereby.

George S. Ward, brother of the deceased, who served as vice-president of the Tip Tops, will assume executive control of the Brooklyn club. George S. Ward is prepared to carry to a winning issue the aims and projects of his late brother.

It was said yesterday in Federal League circles that this change of executive might remove one handicap under which the club has been forced to operate. Robert B. Ward would not tolerate Sunday games for his club. The fact that Brooklyn alone refused to play on the Sabbath greatly complicated the league schedule. George S. Ward, it is said, has no scruples about operating to the common good. The Tip Tops undoubtedly will play Sunday baseball in future.

NOTES OF THE GRIDIRON.

Games are moving along briskly this fall. They have consumed less time than usual apparently. Less time has been needed for fatted players to recuperate; delays for other reasons have been more infrequent and there is a tendency on the part of officials to keep the game moving.

Harry Legore, who won't play any more football or baseball for Yale, is the best thrower of the pigskin football has had since the forward pass was introduced. He punted well and was speedy, but was no such player as Ted Coy, with whom he has been compared. As a matter of fact comparisons of this sort are out of place, for Coy played in the days when helping the runner was permitted. Legore did not succeed in making Walter Camp's first all-American team. As a baseball player Legore showed a better arm than head. He is a powerful thrower. In a Princeton game last spring, with a mate on first, no other base occupied and not more than nine out, he popped to the second baseman. He turned and walked to the bench and properly parried there for him. He thought it was an infield fly. That a double play didn't result was only because the pitcher was slow. Work of that sort wouldn't get far in the professional arena.

The Washington and Jefferson team in its last game completed nineteen forward passes. How many were tried isn't stated, but nineteen successful ones are a great many. Much uncertainty attends the question of the actual strength of the Cornell eleven because of the absence so far of a hard test for the Ithacans. They haven't had a hard game as has Harvard, but scores which give some approach to a concrete line on the Cornell hitting power are those of the Princeton-Syracuse, Syracuse-Bucknell and Cornell-Bucknell battles. Princeton is rated as fairly strong, but that Syracuse only 3 to 0. Syracuse bumped the Bucknell by the small tally of 6 to 0, whereas Cornell mailed the Bucknell batters 41 to 0.

Miller, crack halfback of Glenn Warner's Pitt team, is on the wounded list with a fractured ankle. The injury was sustained when he was tackled by Calais of Carlisle and eliminates him from the Penn contest next Saturday.

The Washington and Lee eleven has a featherweight quarterback. His name is Hagley, and his weight is 120 pounds. The Rochester eleven had a hard test last Saturday. It was beaten by Syracuse, 32 to 0.

Stone Victor Over Grede.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 19.—Joseph Stone of New York defeated Henry Grede of Milwaukee in an interstate Three Cushion Billiard League game here to-night. Score 50 to 45. The two were nip and tuck throughout the match. Stone's high run was 5. Grede's was 4.

Women Change Date of Tourney.

A change has been made in the autumn schedule of the Women's Metropolitan Golf Association and the one-day tournament which was to have been held at the Hackensack Golf Club on Wednesday, October 27, will be played two days earlier, on Monday, October 25. The tourney at Westfield will be played to-morrow.

The field was made up of some of the best players in the state. The field was made up of some of the best players in the state. The field was made up of some of the best players in the state. The field was made up of some of the best players in the state. The field was made up of some of the best players in the state.

THE SIGN OF A RELIABLE DEALER AND THE WORLD'S BEST GASOLINE

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GOULDING'S ENTRY ENDANGERS RECORD

Great Canadian Walker Will Compete in Seven Mile Championship.

NEW MARK PROBABLE

George Goulding, the world's champion walker, sent word yesterday that he would come down from Canada to compete in the seven mile walking championship of the A. A. U. to be held at Neilsen Field, New Brunswick, next Saturday. His presence in the field will make the event the most notable heel and toe contest that has been scheduled in the United States since the days of the old walking kings.

There are fifteen entries in the championship, including Eddie Itenz, the present champion, who won the race last year in 54 minutes 13.3 seconds, less than seven seconds slower than the American record for the distance. The record of 54:07 was made by E. E. Merrill thirty-five years ago and there is little doubt in the minds of experts that these figures will be badly shattered when Goulding and Itenz meet.

The distance is one seldom carded in the States, but Goulding on his many visits to the States has been given a little distance over two miles. He is able to travel the route, however, as his Olympic title was won against the best pedestrians in the world at 10,000 meters, which is only a little less than seven miles.

In making the trip to New Brunswick after the American national honors it is believed that the great Canadian is imbued with the idea that he may establish a world's record for the distance. This feat would gain for him undying fame in the athletic world, for the world's figures are remarkable and the result of strenuous competition in England, where walking has not been neglected as it has here. The record of 50:50-4.5 is more than three minutes better than the best time made in America and stands to the credit of G. E. Larnier since 1905. Goulding in his recent races has shown all his old great speed and he needs only to be keyed up to travel much faster than the American record is assured by the entry of Itenz, who last year won with plenty in hand and has improved considerably since then.

Goulding's entry for the championship was made some time ago, but at the time he requested that his entry be not made public until he was reasonably sure of making the trip from Toronto. The word that he would be on hand was received by Samuel Schwartz, the local sportsman, who passed on the information yesterday. Goulding will represent the Toronto Central Walkers Club instead of the Y. M. C. A., under which colors he competed on his previous visits. He will be accompanied by a clubmate, E. C. Freeman, who is being schooled to do the champion's mantle when he retires.

Freeman can walk two miles under fourteen minutes and finished second to Goulding in the recent race at Toronto, where a misleading report was circulated that Goulding had been disqualified for lifting. Neilsen Field at New Brunswick is the track for the race.

Rutgers College enclosure, and the track there, so close that Harry Kiehl, mainman has announced his intention of competing in the ten mile run championship and going after some of the long distance records. The Plan will continue for fifteen miles in this attempt, and though the hour record made by Sidney Thomas in 1913 may not fall, it is considered a certainty that gives a good day the figures of 1 hour 25 minutes 15 seconds made by J. P. Crowley for fifteen miles will be beaten by a big margin. There are twenty-two entries in the race, so that Kiehlmain will have plenty of pacemakers.

Brady and Hagen Accept Def.

BOSTON, Oct. 19.—Michael J. Brady of Wollaston and Walter C. Hagen of Rochester have accepted the challenge made several weeks ago by Alex Smith of Weymouth and Gilbert Nicholls of Great Neck who offered to play any other pair of professionals for \$1,000. Brady and Hagen have received the necessary backing and Brady has wired the other pair to that effect. An attempt will be made to arrange the first meeting at some day this week at Weymouth, the second to be played at Hagen's course, Rochester.

MOORE TRIED AT LEFT END BY PRINCETON COACHES

His Speed Should Be Great Asset in His New Position—Bigelow Shifted to Guard at Harvard—Yale Team Is Worked Hard.

NEW MARK PROBABLE

PRINCETON, N. J., Oct. 19.—Princeton football fans received another surprise to-day when Billy Moore, erstwhile backfield candidate, appeared at left end in place of Higley. Moore, while far from a finished end, is extremely fast and handled his new job well. Should he and Higley be used together they would make up one of the fastest pairs of ends seen on a Princeton field in recent years. If he and Brown should be the combination selected the Tigers would retain one fast and on heavy man both fierce tacklers. As there is plenty of backfield material Moore's loss will not be appreciable in this department, while his presence in the line should improve it greatly.

A longer and harder workout than usual was in order to-day. The scrubs and varsity scrimmaged for more than an hour. No new plays were given the varsity, but the coaches kept hammering away on the old ones. Law practiced drop kicking for a short time with some success.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Oct. 19.—The Harvard varsity coaches, while they drilled the team in the morning, spent the afternoon, refrained from sending them into a scrimmage. This was reserved for to-morrow and Thursday, when the scrubs will have worked out something of Cornell's line of attack and will provide the varsity with all the experience thought necessary to prepare the team for Saturday's game. To-day's workout was supervised by Coach H. A. Hemenway, who was assisted by the team's line coach, looking forward blackboards, and when the players first took the field the drill was entirely between the two varsities.

The one bit of real news to-day was the announcement that Bigelow, who has played both at center and at tackle for a year and last, has been shifted to guard.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., October 19.—Capt. Neilsen made his team with renewed energy this afternoon in a scrimmage with the indolgent eleven. In the twenty minutes of scrimmage the varsity rolled up three touchdowns and a field goal on the Princeton eleven, while the opposition was unable to score.

Aside from a long run back of the first kickoff by Capt. Neilsen, there were no big plays. The Princeton eleven, however, were made through the line for short distances. The varsity backfield men were consistent ground gainers, and the scrubs took the whole squad to the big running ball, where they worked out under the glare of electric lights. Neilsen had been shifted from quarterback to his old position, Olin, who goes from end to halfback and Murrill, the place, has been drafted to pilot the big team at quarter.

An hour of signal drill in open formation attack, with Capt. Dunn handling the passes, was the work allotted to the Princeton varsity yesterday. The first scrimmage of the week was held when the varsity lined up against Fordham Prep for forty minutes. Conklin and Gorrin had their hands full at the end, where the youngsters fairly rained forward passes.

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